

Nothing Left to Say

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Nothing Left to Say

****This is my first time ever writing fanfiction, so constructive criticism is welcome. This is a series of one shots loosely based of an old writing prompt on the RWBY reddit, so every story will vary greatly in content but end with some variation of the phrase "they had nothing left to say."****

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****AN: Before you begin I want to be clear that this following chapter is intended to show a platonic/familial relationship between Ruby and Qrow, and does not promote the romantic pairing of the two in any way.****

Qrow walked out onto the training field and looked at his would-be opponent. "I can't help but think it is too soon for you to be sparring me kid," he said.

"Aw, I've been training for an entire year uncle Qrow, I'm ready!" Ruby pouted. Damn those eyes, he could resist her when she was pouting like this. Even back when she was a kid she would always manage to guilt trip him into getting the cookies from the top shelf. She's only refined her technique since.

"well, fine then," he said in jokingly angry voice, taking a swift swig from his flask. "But don't say I didn't warn you!"

"YAY, thank you uncle Qrow!" Ruby said, jumping up and down gleefully. She quickly stopped when Qrow shook his head in mock impatience and began making his way to the exit. Feigning a calm and

serious attitude that quickly broke down to a huge smile, she got into a readied position and unraveled her weapon, Crescent Rose. As she got into battle position, Qrow could only stare at the scythe. He could still remember clearly the days she had spent making that weapon...

* * *

><p>"No kiddo, not there. Unless you want this thing to break apart the very first time you fire it."

_As Ruby made the corrections and continued about making the final adjustments to the handle of her own nearly finished scythe, Qrow sat to the side and watched her. He stepped in whenever he had to, if she made some subtle mistake or was about to make a potentially lethal one. But by and large he, like all Signal teachers, left her to her own devices. They were there to guide their students, not solve all their problems. In a world filled with Grimm, understanding how your own weapon worked from the ground up for maintenance and repair was the least that could be expected of any competent huntress. _

_He started in his seat when Ruby rapidly turned around.
"Finished!"_

_Wow, he hadn't even realized he'd zoned out. Well, back to work.
"Okay then, stand up and show it to me." She stood and picked up the scythe to pose, but Qrow immediately saw a problem. In a most un-Ruby like way she seemedâ€"timid. She held it gingerly, maybe even fearfully, and made sure to keep the scythe pointed outward, as far away as possibleâ€"even though Qrow had taught her to do the exact opposite. Oh boy, this wouldn't do. _

He shook his head, "sit back down Ruby." Once she had down so he leaned in and said, "give me your hand, Ruby." Taking her hand in his before she could respond, he moved it close to the scythe and ran it along the length of the blade. "This weapon is yours Ruby, do you know what that means?"

"Uh, what does it mean uncle Qrow?"

"It means that it is your lifeline in a world filled with danger; that no matter what anyone else does, it will be with you through thick and thin; and that it will a great companionâ€| but only if you prove you are willing to be its companion." He moved her hand towards the edge of the scythe and ran it over the sharp edge, so lightly that even without aura it would be unlikely to draw blood, "And the best way to start is to have faith it won't hurt you." He looked her in the eye, "You have to become so familiar to every crook and cranny, so that you can recognize it in your sleep... Holding it may be scary now, but dedicate time to learning you weapon and you'll be wielding it with an ease that matches any of those heroes from those books you love so much."

Ruby put on a resolved face. "Okay, uncle Qrow."

_ He smiled slightly and ruffled her hair. "So before I reteach you those scythe techniques with your new best friend, you should name it right?"_

_She stared at the red weapon on her lap. "Well.. I was actually

thinking about..."_

* * *

><p>"Crescent Rose and I are gonna kick your butt uncle Qrow!" Ruby said happily.<p>

"Ha, not today kid," Qrow replied, flicking his hand to activate his weapon's scythe mode. They both got into position and Qrow couldn't help but admire how far Ruby has come. The girl too afraid of her own weapon to wield it was gone, for she now carried Crescent Rose with ease, a tender yet firm grasp on its handle and an easygoing, balanced stance—the striking image of confidence. It was the pose of someone who loved what they did, who had confidence born of practice, and a bond with their weapon born of time and genuine affection: the stance of a true Huntress.

Seeing it, he was filled with too many emotions for him to count, let alone identify. Pride for how far she has come, dread for how close she was to walking the path of a huntress, joy from the infectious happy and adorable smile on her face, and grief from her uncanny resemblance to her mother, Summer. Yet, despite all these feelings, he couldn't find anything to say to her, to this girl who had come to matter so much to him. He had thought he had abandoned any fanciful notions of a family long ago, impossible due to the nature of his missions for Ozpin—but he'd be damned if, after all this time, he didn't care for Ruby like his own daughter. There was too much he wanted to say at that moment: too many words occurred to him, yet none did, all at the same time. Even the usual playfully joking banter they made eluded him.

So he simply looked her in the eyes and prepared his scythe to attack.

* * *

><p>Ruby was bursting with excitement. After so much time she finally had a chance to prove herself. She had admired Qrow for so long, first as the funny uncle then, once she entered Signal, as the hunter he was. And then he had helped her along with her dream so much—She could still remember clearly the weeks he had spent helping her build Crescent Rose, and the advice he had given her when they had finished. She would never have been able to build, much less use, Crescent Rose if it wasn't for him and if she treasured it, well, it was because of the precious memories it held of their time shared. It felt like she was in a dream, finally getting to actually fight him.<p>

But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't find anything to say. For quite possibly the first time in her very energetic life, words failed her. How could she possibly capture everything she felt in words? Saying a single sentence right now felt like an impossible task, even more grueling than any of the harsh training sessions Qrow had put her through.

So she also raised her scythe to attack, and when their eyes met the uncle and niece—the no, these two best of friends, realized the truth. It wasn't that words hadn't failed them: they had simply progressed beyond the need for words. They could see how much they cared for each other, that they shared a bond far too deep for any words to

ever hope to capture, and knowing that was enough. So, scythes swinging, they launched themselves forward and initiated the duel. After all, there was nothing left to say

****Well, there you have it, my first ever fanfic. Again, I welcome any constructive criticism. If you are hoping for more, I do intend to continue and have several ideas from which to do so, but with finals coming up and my own innate laziness I have no idea when I will get around to updating.****

End
file.